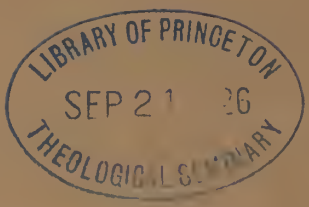

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Woman's Work

A Foreign Missions Magazine

CHINA

Vol. XXXV No. 1

Published Monthly by the Central Committee of the

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JANUARY	China.	JULY	Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A.
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MARCH	Japan.	SEPTEMBER	India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year.
APRIL	Africa.	OCTOBER	India.
MAY	Latin America.	NOVEMBER	Siam.
JUNE	Philippine Islands.	DECEMBER	Moslem Lands—Syria and Persia.

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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

VOL. XXXV. APRIL, 1920 No. 4

Church Growth, or "The Revival" in the West Africa Mission

Rev. Frank O. Emerson

"The Revival" in the Presbyterian Mission, located in Cameroun, West Africa, is in every sense a *growth*. The "seed of the Word," sown by the earliest pioneers to the Cameroun interior, contained the germs of evangelism. And in all the growth that has succeeded, even to the notable harvest of the present time, the evangelistic element has been watched, nurtured and encouraged in every way.

This spirit of evangelism has always been a vital part of the church growth. Never has the taking on of things evangelistic been encouraged or allowed. Sentimental expression of spiritual emotion has not been countenanced save in striking instances where the inner workings of the Spirit were clearly recognizable. One such instance stands out clearly in my own experience with native converts. It was the case of one wife among several belonging to a chief. The chief was friendly to mission work, but had never shown interest in personal salvation. The wife, who was without previous interest in Christianity in any way, fell ill and was believed to be dead. But suddenly, in the midst of funeral wails, she sat up and began to speak, saying that the Lord called them all to repentance, and that to her husband, the chief, her own reviving was a sign which he must not ignore. These two walked twelve miles to meet me a few days later, the woman still emaciated from her illness, with mind set upon the one thought of "what she should do to be saved." The man, his inner spirit less clearly discernible, but determined to regard the sign that had been given him. The experience was not doubted, but we believed it could be of profit to others only through the upright Christian lives of these two. They were given the ordinary tests for initial enrolment, and passed the customary period under probation. They became strong and active Christians. It has always been felt and generally agreed that the "waiting for the Spirit" was more important to the African, with his strong, natural tendency to emotionalism, than any haste in "speaking with tongues" or the "working of wonders."

"A Sign Was Given Them."

The ideal held before the Christian from the very founding of the work has been that of soul-winning. We ask each candidate for baptism and class advancement as to his success in soul-winning. His advancement may not be determined by the number won to Christ, but where testimony and life do not show an earnest seeking after souls the candidate is considered unfit for advancement. Emphasis is placed upon continuance in evangelistic effort. The human and Satanic tendency is to say, "I have my convert—my 'one talent'!"—and then fold the hands. But unless there is promise of the continuance of this vital spirit, any believer is considered unworthy.

The first church organized in the interior of our territory had six charter members. One of these was an old woman who, in her simple, circumscribed life, made a record for soul-winning of which many a minister or evangelist might be proud. The story of "Old Nana" has been read by many. Another of this group was a young boy who had declared himself Christ's as a mere child. Over twenty years later he became the first Bulu ordained to the gospel ministry. The lives that have been touched and won to Christ and developed under his leadership even to this present time are legion. And he has but entered the prime of life, and is zealous in the "Father's business."

My first great privilege and responsibility in Africa was a little church, recently organized, and having at the time a membership of thirty. It had required eight years of efficient, honest work in the spirit of God by other missionaries to bring to pass this marvelous thing so easily overlooked. These thirty members were thirty workers, followed and supported by a hundred other workers still seeking baptism. Sunday by Sunday, and day by day, these gleaners brought in their sheaves in new converts and seekers after salvation in Christ. Is it other than natural in God's vineyard that in eight more years these thirty members and one hundred catechumens should have become seven hundred church-members and three thousand, five hundred catechumens? and is it other than natural that today, after another five years, the successors of this little band should number two thousand, five hundred church members and twenty-five thousand avowed followers of Christ yet seeking the boon of church membership?

The nucleus of the "largest Presbyterian church in the world" took form at Elat, Cameroun, in a little group of seven charter members, less than twenty years ago. Ten years ago an audience of over a thousand people was occasion for special rejoicing. "And lo," today, "a great multitude that no man can number!" The thing that caused wonder and special rejoicing one day has the next passed into the ordinary by the occurrence of that previously unthought-of. Audiences increased until crowds numbering two or three thousand were too common for comment, and special occasions drew together crowds numbering eight thousand and more. Such a work, drawing from over a hundred miles in several directions and increasing with such rapidity, could not be successfully directed from a single center, and the field was segregated into organized churches with separate sessions of native Christian men, but all under the common direction of two or three missionaries at Elat station. Today, the following of this station in native Christians numbers eight thousand church members, and sixty-four thousand adherents.

This work at Elat has as its fathers in Christ the sainted C. W. McCleary and W. M. Dager, and of those still with us, Melvin Fraser and W. C. Johnston. Several younger men have given the first strength of their young manhood to the work and have gained a lasting inspiration from it. But to no one man alone and to no one occasion above others, does the credit for this wonderful work belong. Native Christians have through the years done personal work until many of them have become recognized leaders of organized Christian centers. But not even in these, striking as have been the lives and accomplishments of many of them, do we find the explanation of the revival which sweeps onward today, so much as in the Andrews, who have brought in their Simons, the Philips, who have found their Nathaniels, or the Lydias, who have become centers of opportunity to their sisters. The great things God has done for us, and whereof we are so glad. He has done most of all through personal effort.

In 1908-9, two young men, whose tribes had formerly sought each other's blood in feud and murder, went hand in hand to tell the unevangelized people

Two by Two.

where our flourishing station of Metet now is, of God's love in Christ.

From Fulasi, in 1914, went bands of schoolboys, two by two, at vacation time to tell the man-eating Njem the truth of salvation from sin in Christ. And the churches of Fulasi are today back of four established centers for evangelistic and educational work among these Njem people.

Volunteer workers have gone into the highways and byways of their own neighborhoods or adjacent communities to call in the unconverted, and literally years of service have been pledged and given in the days and weeks of time set aside by Christians of a single mission station to the seeking and saving of the lost about their doors.

Not only are the greater number sought out by personal effort, but the seekers for salvation are counselled, watched over, approved, advanced, and acknowledged as individuals and not in the mass. The primary acknowledgment of the purpose to follow Christ or the first open sign of interest may be made under the inspiration of a public gathering, but it is often first made in private. In any case, personal examination will follow, and if the seeker is not clear in his mind as to the sin from which he would escape, and as to Christ in whom alone he can be saved, he will not be counted as a catechumen in the narrower sense or enrolled, but will be encouraged, instructed, and prayed for until, God willing, he shall know in whom he believeth. Until the individual has broken with polygamy, witchcraft, and his accustomed immorality, before the ungodly of his community, as well as by declaration to his spiritual counsellor, he cannot be acknowledged. And after this initial acknowledgment or enrolment by one commissioned to this task, he must pass at least two years of approved study and Christian living before he becomes a church member. When our mission reports eighteen thousand church members we refer to that number of individuals who have passed successfully this preparatory period and who are still faithful.

Great sacrifice is often felt in these initial confessions through releasing superfluous wives with attendant loss of prestige, the surrendering of a remunerative practice as "medicine man," the paying of fines for self-confessed transgressions, or the loss of position as a prominent wife of a chief.

Then, too, all these recognized followers are pledged and regular contributors to the support of their churches. The little pay-envelope at the hand of each of these thousands of Christians, means sacrifice of a portion of most meager wealth, in reminding each of his pledge and in directing the mind to plan in this small way for the support of the cause he loves. Labor in the interior of Cameroun is requited at the rate of ten cents for a day's work. Native board costs fifty cents per month. Tuition is charged in village day-schools at the rate of ten cents for a three-months term. The Christians, most of them without stated income, contribute at the rate of two cents per month. The receipts from native sources netted last year $9,985. In these material facts we find both proof and source of the spirit of personal evangelism which dominates and flows out in the growth of our mission.

The work grows more rapidly than plans have been laid. But every effort is made to conserve the strength of the present and prepare for the advance promised for the future in the best training possible to our native workers. Besides several efficient native ministers already

Fifty miles on foot to a Bible Conference.

ordained, there are candidates for the ministry proper numbering above sixty. In December, 1917, there was held at Elat a conference of missionary and native workers for instruction and inspiration in which some five hundred native evangelists, candidates, ministers and many of their wives participated for a week to the greatest possible blessing of all present, and through them to the enlivening of the entire work, after the whole sad event of the war in Cameroun was past. Through 1918 these same men in large part were gathered together in groups of one hundred and fifty or more for two months of systematic instruction, of Bible study, church history and practical Christian work. The gathering of these men together means for some of them a journey of over a hundred miles to Elat and a later return. It means the sacrifice of their scanty income during the time they are away from their posts. It means the sacrifice of confinement and laborious effort at study to men of free forest-loving habits. But they are not unmindful of the blessings in it for themselves. Their wives accompany them as far as it is possible and are given instruction designed especially for their needs. To the work as a whole this training means leadership of greater efficiency and renewed inspiration. But even with enlarged organization the primary emphasis is still placed upon the value of personal work on the part of all. In our older and better organized territory which now extends three hundred miles from the sea, it is the purpose to leave no village beyond the reach of regular visitation by native workers, or beyond the reach of the far-walking African, from places of regular worship and instruction. These far-walkers are often punctual at services ten miles from their villages. In every village where even two or three Christians live they will hold their morning prayer together before leaving for garden, for hunt, or for journey on the path. This means that no one is ever long beyond the power of personal influence.

There was a woman whose life had been one of open and unashamed godlessness. She would leave one marriage only to befoul another, and driven from this, would live openly in some illicit marriage. This "woman of Samaria" came one day to declare her faith in Christ. We tried not to doubt and asked her why she had come. She said, "I could not do otherwise. I was almost persuaded while in my original marriage, but I would not consent to remain in this marriage in which I had been unwillingly

bound, and I could not resist the invitations of the evangelist and Christians of the place, so I ran away. But my next marriage only brought me to a more zealous evangelist and to people whom I could not resist save by running away again, and I ran! But I have never escaped the urging of Christians and of my own heart. I have come to believe in Christ and, if necessary, to return to the husband that I never loved."

A Modern Lydia.

A young man was employed as laborer at a mission station. His chief employment was that of far-walking where other means of transportation were lacking. He came back from a walk to a point a hundred miles away and declared to the missionary his surrender to Christ. But why, having remained so long unmoved had he changed his heart? He said, "The troubles on the path have overcome me, and what my heart has long urged me to I acknowledge. I want to believe. It has been like this; one day I stopped to rest from my load in a village and begged some food from a woman, telling her I was a mission boy. She cooked me fresh food and then said, 'Have you put on the robe?' (the word might mean shirt as well). I at first thought she was abusing me for I had on no shirt. But she said, 'I mean the robe of righteousness,' and I was ashamed, because I had said I was a mission boy, but I had not put on the robe. My heart could not forget these words. I have come to believe. Now tell me what I must do."

A Samaritan woman.
Photos. loaned by Rev. F. O. Emerson.

The man without a robe.

The nucleus of a church with a following of 25,000 people.

The Friends of Mrs. Schwab

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

All the six months that I was in Bene, I was surrounded by the friends of Mrs. Schwab. And if these people were kind to me—and they were—it was because I, too, was a friend of Mrs. Schwab. Indeed, I was an older friend of hers than any of them could claim to be, for I remember very well when she came to Africa a bride, a very dainty and fastidious bride with a more than common susceptibility to the minor pests of our forest. It is quite true of her, that in those days she would blanch at the sight of a cockroach, and that it was indeed heroic of her to kneel upon the planks of our rough floors when we had prayers, because she was then, with her eyes closed, a quite helpless victim of her own vivid imagination. All this is long ago—and yet not so dreadfully long ago. Of the years that lie between then and now, and of the intensities of life in our mission, I will say that they have had a most conspicuous effect upon that tender creature. I am sure that I speak the mind of my fellow missionaries when I say that there is no tool in our kit better tempered to deal with the rough work and with the delicate work that must be done.

The Bene people live north of the Bulu in our Cameroun forest. They are a rude people, very laughing and industrious. They run to a fight like boys to a fire—or as the Bulu say: "As a man loves a woman." I remember to have been on a visit to one of the outposts of Metet station and to have there heard for the first time in my life the voice of the rabble in menace. Across the common of that little clearing, the Bene ran to a fight, armed with spears, and leaping with their long legs past my camp. At any mission station on a Sunday you may hear the voice of the rabble at peace, but this other voice of menace is very disquieting. When these friends of Mrs. Schwab returned from that fight they were much uplifted, strolling and relaxed—a good day's work done, you would have said, and now—what is there to eat?

The Bene are big and the bigger Bene are huge. Most of the men wear a bark breech-cloth, home-dyed in red or yellow or black. The cut of this breech-cloth makes a group of them look like an ill-assorted lot of Hamlets, with no standard model in the assortment. Many men wear strands of beads about the waist—an adornment which among the Bulu is confined to women. The women wear the grass bustle and the leaf apron; they wear beads about the neck, the middle, and the leg below the knee. The use of such a garter of beads is one of the most effective ornaments I have ever seen among women, black or white. They dress the hair with the crimson powder of the camma tree, or with orange ochre, or with a vivid green herb. They do not color the whole headdress, but such coils and ridges of it as seems best. They are, of course, heavily tattooed. A woman tattooed, hung with beads, her grass bustle dyed black and red, her brown body oiled, her hair built into coils and ridges and this head-dress painted red or orange or green, is a vivid creature, not negligible to the eye. She sufficiently achieves detachment from the green and brown of her background of forest and hut.

And she achieves a vocal detachment from the other voices of the forest. She is a violent and vociferous woman. Her approaches to her friend, Mrs. Schwab, are very often clamorous and accusative. You would never imagine the weight and the reality of her grievances. One of her is a disturbance and three of her is certainly a crowd! I can only say that there is something infinitely diverting in the spell of the actual presence of Mrs. Schwab upon such a group. Or among four hundred of such women. She is a cool infusion upon their heat, she is an iron bar upon their anarchy. They coo for her like sucking doves. They fear her and they love her "Too much," as the Bulu say. All her habit with them is of an extreme calm, and her judgments are of a cold and finished justice. Do not

imagine that these judgments of Mrs. Schwab are all of the academic variety—they have daily to do with the things of love and marriage, of birth and death, of property and of oppression, of jealousy and of vengeance. And they are the models daily set before the Bene of the Christian Code.

The Christians of Bene are, of course, various. They come back to my mind each with her *panache* of temperament. There is Beké, so maternal that she is the very flesh and blood of maternalism. She sits midway of the fifty or forty women of a Thursday afternoon, and when we come to the Mother in the lesson her extraordinary and almost tragic attention draws the eye to Beké's face where there is revealed an anguished perception of the maternal adventure of the world. Not all her children are Christian. You may hear that every day in Beké's prayers; and when, in her prayers, she can tear herself away from this sad fact, she tells the Lord that there are other women whose children are in a similar case. Suddenly you love her. You do hope that all her children become Christian. And then there will be her children's children to be thought of, no doubt, and to bring the tragic mask again.

There is Mbole Mbua—senior Christian in her neighborhood and natural leader of that region. She is a born boss and demagogue, with a frightful leaning toward religious persecution. Herself blameless in as much of the law as she has assimilated, she keeps a blue book for her neighbors. Mrs. Schwab loves this difficult person dearly, and never wearies of correcting her. After all, I wonder, does she not weary? And I see in my heart her ironic and tender gaze fixed upon the accusative Mbole Mbua.

There is the wonderful Mendom, young, intelligent, a long time a Christian, who became a widow and was for a time matron in the girls' school. Of this woman I would like to say—and without any hope that you will understand the extraordinary tribute I pay her—that she was trustworthy and that Mrs. Schwab leaned upon her. There is no heavier burden in the forest than a girls' school, and it is rare indeed to find a black woman strong enough to do very much toward carrying it.

Yes, the friends of Mrs. Schwab were many, and of many sorts. There was one unlike the others, and that was blind Fuman. Mrs. Schwab was always speaking to me of her with a loving enthusiasm, and when I saw her I knew why. Fuman is something like thirty years old, but she is very girlish, very slight and pretty. Her eyes are closed. I think that you could not see her and miss her exquisite quality. That little brown face turned up, those unvexed lips that open over very white teeth, her extreme physical daintiness and the fastidious order that she maintains in her hut—these have a distinguished quality. She is truly blind, and yet with her little feet she sees the ground and with her little hands she draws all the threads of her household into patterns. She brought me a dish of greens of a sort that calls for much rejection of stems and never were stems more thoroughly rejected. I could not think that she had done this herself until I followed her cautious way to her house and saw that poor little perfection of housekeeping. There is an extreme grace in all the deliberate action of that little brown body—a lightness in all those tentative attacks that is lovely and touching to see. I cannot think that Fuman has broken in her life many of those earthen pots that the Bene women make and that are so fragile. And when I see her looking at Mrs. Schwab with all her expressive face, I hope so much that Fuman will be that Christian woman which it is so much her hope and her intention to be.

THE DEATH OF ONE of the Mebea elders made the Batanga church sad, but was, after all, a beautiful victory. This man was not unusually gifted, but was very faithful. During the past two years, two of his little children died and he himself endured a full year of suffering. But he did not waver in his simple trust, nor did he yield to the immense pressure of heathen superstitions.

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

General Address, except Benito: Care American Presbyterian Mission, Kribi, Cameroun, W. Africa, via Bordeaux. Benito Mail: Mission Americana, Rio Benito, Guinea Espanola, W. Africa.

Mrs. H. A. Hoisington,	Batanga	Miss Ruth Aikin,	Lolodorf	Mrs. A. B. Lippert,	Fulasi
Mrs. J. H. Reis,	"	Mrs. A. I. Good,	"	Mrs. D. C. Love,	"
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Mrs. L. D. Heminger,	"	Mrs. W. S. Lehman,	"	Mrs. G. C. Beanland,	Metet
Mrs. W. M. Dager,	Elat	Mrs. A. B. Patterson,	"	Mrs. P. H. Combs,	"
Mrs. R. H. Evans,	"	Miss Georgie A. Staley,	"	Mrs. S. F. Johnson,	"
Mrs. F. H. Hope,	"	Mrs. P. J. Kapteyn,	Fulasi	Mrs. Geo. Schwab,	"
Mrs. C. W. McCleary,	"				

In this country: Mrs. A. G. Adams, 3417 Strathem Ave., Westwood, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. A. B. Carr, Care of Mrs. E. S. Goetsch, Estevan, Saskatchewan, Can.; Miss Verna E. Eick, Garrison, Ia.; Mrs. F. O. Emerson, 57 Grant Ave., Auburn, N. Y.; Miss Marie Gocker, Naperville, Ill.; Mrs. H. W. Grieg, Care of B. F. M., 156 Fifth Ave., New York City; Mrs. W. C. Johnston, 135 Duncan Ave., Washington, Pa.; Mrs. A. N. Krug, Mt. Hermon, Mass.; Mrs. F. W. Neal, 1070 E. 40th St., S., Portland, Ore.; Mrs. H. L. Weber, 3649 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J. W. Wright, Gresham, Neb.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

At San Francisco, Feb. 11—Mrs. Thos. F. Carter from Nanhsuchow, China.

At San Francisco, Feb. 12—Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Gillam from N. India. Address, 1007 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

——, Feb. 19—Dr. and Mrs. C. K. Roys from Shantung. Address, Care Mr. J. M. Knox, 102 Willow St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. A. G. McGaw from N. India. Address, 602 E. University St., Wooster, O.

——, ——Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Steele from S. Siam. Address, El Reposo Sanitarium, 2222 Chapel St., Berkeley, Cal.; Miss Margaret C. Davis from the Punjab, India. Address, Chester St., Avalon, Pa.

At New York, Feb. 27—Miss Edith Lamme from W. Persia.

RESIGNATIONS:

Miss Mary L. Hamilton, of the Shantung Mission. Appointed 1917.

Mrs. Alfred N. Sharrocks, of the Chosen Mission. Appointed 1899.

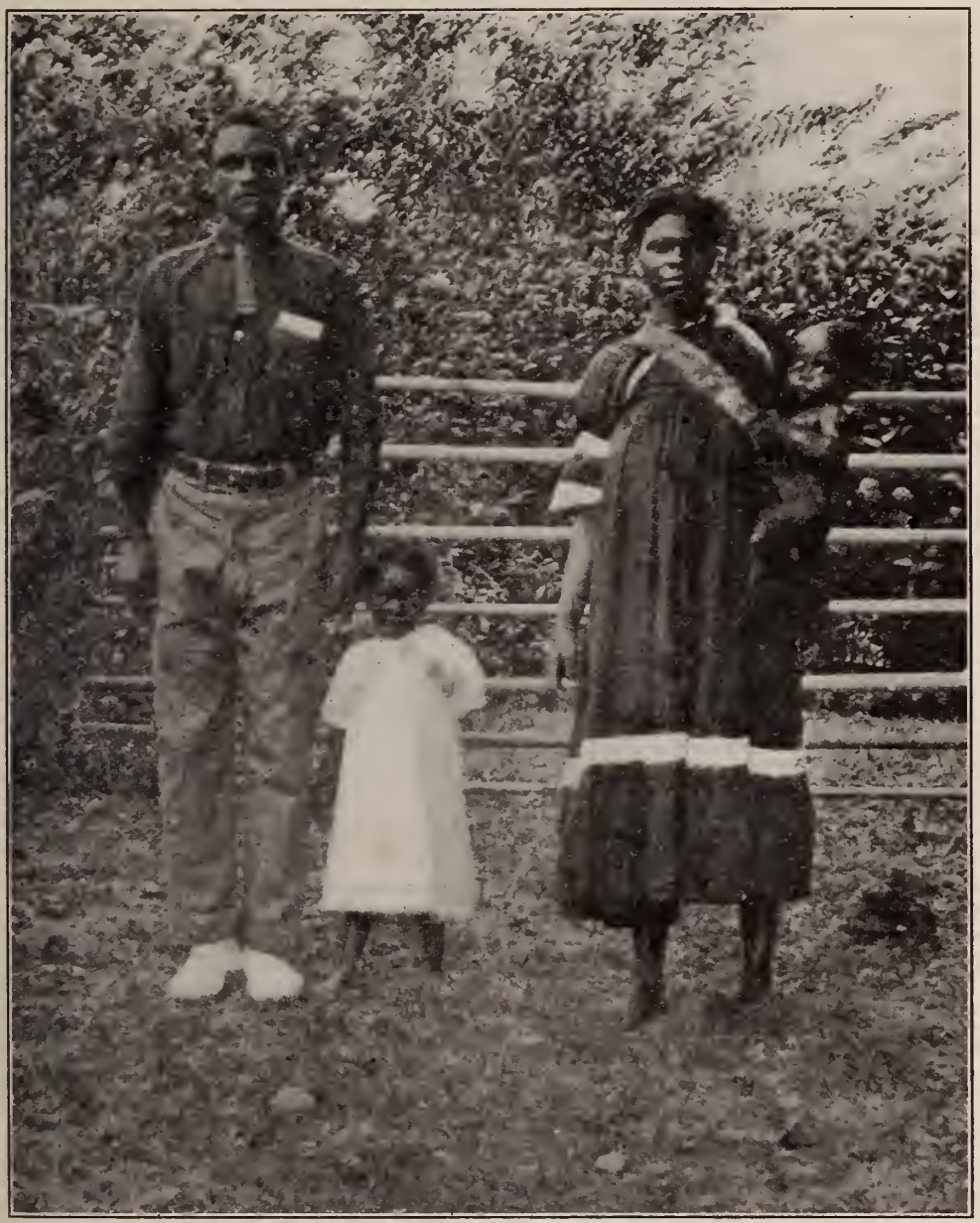
Dr. E. T. Lawrence, of the E. Persia Mission. Appointed 1902.

A Little Private Zoo

LUCIUS E. SMITH, M.D.

SINCE I came to Africa I can see the need of many of the things emphasized by the Secretaries. "Hobbies," that was one of them. I have not had a real day off since I came, yet I get rest and relief by putting my mind on hobbies. My pets are so much company—are almost human at times—and I know they keep wrinkles out of my brow. My last addition is a baby chimpanzee—so funny, yet so interesting, almost human. It was a present from a Spanish trader. Another delightful pet is my python! Well, it is a bit of fun my family make for me, and they do make an awful impression on the natives. They might not respect a white man, but they take off their hats to the python. Then, I have my telescope. Last night when I finished my last operation I was very tired, for I had done one day's work as carpenter, one as doctor, and another as surgeon. But I looked up and saw a beautiful, bright star. I got my telescope and found it to be the planet Jupiter, now in opposition, so clear that I could see its beautiful equatorial belt and four of its moons. And I saw one pass into conjunction. I forgot all my troubles and felt really rested. So much for hobbies!

This morning I was up at four A. M., and helped a German trader get his boat loaded and away. When he was gone I found his keys and had to send a canoe to overtake him, otherwise he would have reached Eloby and no keys for his boxes. He wrote back: "I thank you so much. Only a Christian would have done this for me. I shall not forget." 6 A. M. —Service at the hospital; 43 present. 6:45—Buried a poor, lone woman who was dying when she came in. 7:15—Came to my breakfast and took the glasses to look at a trader's boat that was passing quite far out at sea. I noticed some three miles behind the boat a tiny black spot, which proved to be his fine hunting dog. It had followed the beach until it came to the river, and then had tried to swim to him and the current was taking it out to sea. He did not know



The teacher Nkulu and his family. Photo. given by Rev. Geo. Schwab.

but that it was tied safe at home. I knew the dog was a valuable one and would soon be lost, so I took a rope, some boys and a canoe and brought it in. It was so nearly exhausted that it could not sit up in the boat, but soon revived. This will make the man my friend for he loves his dog—but hates most people.

I ate my breakfast, went to the hospital, treated twenty-nine patients, did one small operation. Then I had to sterilize cloths and instruments and *alone* do a double major operation. I was quite tired when at two P. M., I laid the finished job in the bed—three hours and fifteen minutes on the operation . . .

As I come to the close of the day and look back over it from the dawn to the

close, there are many bright spots in it, but just three things stand out to my great satisfaction. Not the Southern Cross and the moons of Jupiter; not the spots on the sun I saw at noon; not the friendly visit of the Padre, nor the nice ivory he sent me in the evening. No, not these. But the note from the German trader, particularly his words, "Only a Christian would have done that," because it shows me that the day was not wasted, and at least one effort to be Christlike was appreciated by an ungodly man.

When this morning at the grave of the poor woman, the native preacher said: "This poor sufferer had only two friends, the doctor who tried to relieve her pain, and Jesus, who loved her and took her home to heaven." I can't forget that. For surely it is Christlike to be a friend to the friendless. And as I looked into the open grave, at the lifeless form wrapped in palm branches, it seemed as if I could hear Jesus saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

And the lesson from the faithful dog—I think God sent it to me to hold me up to the heavy strain placed upon me. The dog knew only one thing—his master had gone that way and his duty was to follow. He did not fear the sea, with its breakers and monsters. No. Every time he went under a wave he came up with his face toward his master. He might lay down his life, but *turn back, never!* And somehow that faithful dog got a grip on my heart and his lesson will never leave me. And I remember how, nearly two thousand years ago, my Master went away. I can't see Him any more, but I know the way He went. It was the way of service, sacrifice and duty, the way of sorrow and disappointment, the way of breaking hearts and worried lives—up the mountain of transfiguration, and then through the agony of the garden, and at last through the valley of the shadows. But across the two thousand years I can hear His voice, "Follow me," and I must follow on.

BENITO.

THE BATTALION OF LIFE

ANNA S. REED

"Fitness for a place in the ranks of the Battalion of Life demands . . . invincible faith, invincible hope, invincible love.—*A Crusade of Compassion.*

How can they, so few,
Roll back such a tide?
Giving courage new,
Jesus walks beside.

So the sick are healed,
Light returned to blind,
And the truth, revealed,
Enters darkened mind.

Helpless millions plead,
Bearing every woe;
Forth, at call of need,
Mission doctors go.

Earnest these, and brave.
Asking naught apart
From the chance to save
Any burdened heart.

While we watch and pray,
They may surely claim
Miracles today,
In our Master's name.

I EXPECT to open girls' school next week but the things that have worn out and been outgrown during the last three months are almost legion, so I am trying hard to get the family "mended and sewed up." What a blessing it is that we have only to live a day at a time! Since the war we do so many things for ourselves that were not necessary before. We are glad we have the things to make use of but it takes much time to make our own flour, cornstarch, syrup, vinegar, peanut oil (substitute for butter and lard), shoes, helmets, etc. For several months we have had a few goats kept nearby in order to have milk for the children. We have eight that we milk and get about a quart a day. Every female goat born disappeared (the people said a leopard but I think he was a two-legged one), until finally we had fifteen little goats and thirteen of them males, so we decided to build a place for them on our own grounds, disagreeable as it is. (MRS. D. COE) MARY F. LOVE.

FULASI.

EDITORIAL NOTES

One sometimes wonders whether it is cause or effect that mission work in Africa has developed so many great spiritual leaders. We think of Livingstone, Coillard, Mary Slessor, of notable names among our own mission force. And we question whether the original spiritual calibre of these great personalities was so compelling in its influence, or whether the spirtual athlete is, like the physical, developed by strenuous labors and by arduous difficulties. Livingstone, suffering constant acute physical pain, yet writes: "I shall not hide from you that I am made by it very old and shaky . . . I have an intense and sore longing to finish and retire, and trust that the Almighty may permit me to go home. I commit myself to the Almighty Disposer of events and if I fall, will do so doing my duty, like one of His stout-hearted servants . . . I want my whole life to be out and out for the Divine glory. I have been more than usually drawn out in prayer of late that I may be permitted to open this dark land to the blessed Gospel. I have cast all before my God!" In what was called the "tangle of undecipherable pages" of her letters home, Mary Slessor wrote: "We want here women of loving heart, willing hands, and common sense, consecrated, affectionate women who are not afraid of work or of filth of any kind, moral or material . . . women who can take everything to Jesus and there get strength to smile and persevere and pull on under any circumstances." It was said of her that she was "as wise if not as beautiful, as Portia. Her great abilities, both physical and intellectual, have given her among the savage tribes a unique position and a profound esteem . . . the amount of good she has done no man can fully estimate." Yet she wrote that "results had not been what they might had we been more faithful . . . yet we will just keep on sowing the seed of the Word, remembering that *between the sower and the reaper stands the Husbandman.*" Our own Adolphus Good, after his incredible toils, wrote: "God has been far more faithful in blessing the Gospel than we have been in preaching it . . . The success of efforts put forth in the service of Christ depends absolutely on our spiritual attitude towards Him."

At one of the Board's noonday meetings, the Rev. A. G. Adams told a beautiful story of a converted African boy. He earnestly desired to study to be a preacher, but was told that he was too young, and advised to study hard at school to prepare himself for theological training. This he did so faithfully that at last he became pastor of one of the local churches. But he was not spared long to this work for he died while still young. After the pastor's death, one of the young men of the church asked for his contribution envelope so that it should not be empty when the offering was taken, and he brought this envelope in regularly with his own. Another young man said that the pastor's work should go on, he would devote to it so many days of each month. Others followed his example, so many indeed, that, in all, days amounting to *twenty-six years* were pledged by believers to carry on the young minister's work.

One is tempted to give more than proportionate space to the fauna of Africa, both the insect and quadruped life are of such interest. Not only Dr. Smith's little zoo attracts us but Livingstone's pet gorilla, wringing her hands and crying like a human being when he will not hold her in his arms. All our workers tell us of the devastations of the white ants, wood-eaters, who enter through the center and eat through all of an object but a thin outer shell. They eat into a wardrobe and destroy all the clothes, leaving them hanging in shreds. In many places the clouds of mosquitoes are of incredible density and ferocity, Dr. Good tells of places where he had just to walk about all night fighting them. The driver-ants

are meat-eaters, before their serried columns, rats and roaches and all small life vanish. Their marching organization seems miraculous, in the center of the column are the workers, on either side, soldiers or guards. There is a fascinating account of their marvelous methods in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1919, called *The Home Town of the Army Ants.*

MUCH REORGANIZATION follows the war in West Africa. North of our own territory, work which was formerly carried on by Swiss and German societies must be abandoned unless our missionaries can take charge of it. Our Board undertakes the care of four large and one small station, involving increased expenditure and much additional mission force, involving also plans made with sufficient elasticity to allow of this extended work being relinquished if the Gossner and the Basle Missions can resume charge of it. New missionaries going out must spend some months in France, Cameroun is now under the French Government and facility in the use of the French language is a necessary part of the Africa missionary's equipment. In view of the large addition necessary to the number of our missionaries in that and other fields, it is encouraging to hear that since the signing of the Armistice our Board has received applications for service from more than five hundred young men and women who served during the war, and that an additional thousand have applied to be enrolled as candidates for the foreign field.

THESE SPRING MONTHS of 1920 are crowded with interest for our Presbyterian women organized for foreign missions. Auxiliaries, presbyterial societies and Boards are assembling in annual meeting, checking up the year's progress and making plans for future achievement. And all eyes are looking toward May and Philadelphia. Then and thither will "the tribes go up" to assemble for joyful retrospect and outlook. For the next generation everything will date from this epoch-making date. The great meetings connected with General Assembly, the discussion and ratification of Unification plans, above all, the Jubilee, will bring a flood tide of inspiration and stimulus, and sow the seeds of a harvest of precious memories for many coming years.

IT IS A JOY to those in charge of the magazine that we have no backward step to record in this Jubilee Year. With so much against us of high prices, strikes, upsetting of plans in many directions, yet our subscription list again cuts a notch higher than in 1919. In the annual count just finished, we find a gain of two thouand, six hundred and thirty-one. Our total of paid subscribers is now 33,824, and we send to our missionaries considerably over a thousand free copies.

THE FRENCH SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES has announced that "trade spirits" will no longer be permitted to be imported into West Africa. This decision should do more for the uplift of the natives of West Africa than any that has ever been taken, at any rate since the abolition of the West African slave trade. Before the war the liquor trade with West Africa was enormous, more than ninety-five per cent. of this was carried on by the Germans and the Dutch. Twenty-one German steamers, aggregating 329,000 tons, were engaged in this trade. The war will prove a lasting blessing to West Africa if it should mean the final extinction of the liquor trade.

THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT reports hundreds of committees and subcommittees throughout the nation meeting during these weeks for the purpose of checking up the items of the budget in which they are particularly interested. It is important to remember that only such items will be included in the askings as are accepted definitely by denominational agencies. This means that the total budget of askings in the Simultaneous Financial Ingathering, April 21-May 2 next, will be less than the figure proposed by the Movement.

CONSCRIPTS OF CONSCIENCE

XI

"Dr. Earle, may I take you home?"

Mary, having reached the outer door of the Hospital, was surprised to hear Major Balfrey's voice behind her. It was six o'clock in the morning; she was homeward bound, having kept vigil in Ilien's chamber since ten the previous night, alone save for Janet Gibson who had joined her at intervals.

"You see, I have a message to deliver to you which is really imperative," the Major added seriously, as, noting her assent, he went forward to open the door of his car which stood waiting. In another moment they were moving forward slowly, headed for Washington Square.

"Was there any change during the night? Did she give any sign of consciousness while you were with her?" he asked.

Mary shook her head, saying, "None. I think there will be none after this."

"I am sure of it," he rejoined. "She will scarcely last the day out."

"You spoke of a message——"

"Yes. It is from Ilien herself to you. I spent an hour with her you know, last evening, while you were resting."

"She was awake then—conscious?"

"Yes, much of the time."

"Was she satisfied . . . at rest?" Mary asked the question with intense anxiety.

"Perfectly so, except on one single point . . . Her strong commonsense was at work, Doctor, to the last conscious minute. She told me with remarkable clearness, and with a joy which I found affecting, of your promise earlier in the day that you would go to China as a medical missionary in her place. But she had one misgiving and very naturally so. She felt that in her explicit challenge to you to go to China she had taken an unfair advantage of you at an emotional crisis—of your sympathy, your affection for her, your conscientiousness. It cannot be denied that this is true in some sense——"

"You did not let Ilien think a thing like that!" cried Mary in sharp dismay.

"No. I simply received her message to you; it was, that neither she nor God,—this is as she expressed it,—would hold you to any promise if not made willingly and according to your best judgment and afterthought."

"And now I can never reassure her! Oh, Major Balfrey, why did I leave her for one single moment?" At last Mary's stress of feeling had its way.

"Please do not allow yourself to grieve on that score; there is no need. She was perfectly reassured."

"How? How could she have been?"

"I told her that I knew you had made your promise with a full sense of all that is involved in renunciation here and all of deprivation and difficulty in the field, but that I knew of certainty that it was made freely and gladly, that I even knew that you had already, before this, contemplated such a step."

Receiving no word of response, Major Balfrey turned his head, glancing at Mary. To his surprise her eyes seemed to flood him with the light of her wordless gratitude. He took her hand in his, but said nothing; in his face was the reverence a man shows as he approaches things divine. Releasing her hand be broke the tension with a low laugh, saying,

"Of course I did not actually know all this but—you see—I knew *you*. Essentially I knew it must be true."

"It is true, perfectly true," Mary rejoined. "I could not have given my promise on the instant if my mind had not been in preparation for just that challenge. It was all I needed to make my way clear."

"Still, Dr. Earle, I am not ready by any means to say unqualifiedly that I would think you justified in carrying out a purpose entered into under such stress. I should advise at least a few years delay . . ."

"I hardly think you would, Major Balfrey, if it were your own case," Mary broke in. "Did you take a few years to consider the call to go to France? You went over, I believe, before we entered the war."

"We appear to have been equally precipitate, I admit, there; at least I judge we must have gone overseas about the same time,—you working with the French, I with the British forces; but you see, that situation called for impulsive action."

Mary was silent, not disposed to argument, the less because she had an undefined sense that Major Balfrey was not speaking now from real conviction.

"Then you are actually planning to go to China to practice medicine?" The question came as they turned into Waverly Place.

"If the Board will send me—next Autumn. Of course I may not be found eligible."

"I should be under the painful necessity myself of recommending you, as far as the professional side is concerned, if the Board appealed to me."

The car stopped, Mary sprang to the pavement, paused there to thank Major Balfrey and to say goodbye. Her face, which had been wan with watching and grief, now grown young again and her cheeks rose-red.

XII

"You could not have done otherwise, Merle; it is the right thing, the only reconciling thing."

It was evening; the quiet room was dusky; the windows, opened wide, let in the fresh Spring air. Mary Earle lay on a low divan; Kate Quimby, who had just spoken, sat beside her. They were, as they wished to be, alone.

"The only reconciling thing," Mary repeated the words softly, under her breath, then they were silent. She had returned at an early hour that morning to her post in the Hospital: there she had remained within the shadow of death until at four o'clock Ilien's flickering breath was quenched. Now she had had time, at last, to speak with her good comrade Kate of that which had entered in to change her own outlook on life by way of Ilien's tragic defeat.

Kate broke the silence which followed the

repetition of her own words, saying quietly,

"You cannot guess all that this means to me. Now, Merle, I have courage to tell you that my mind is made up to go to India, myself, next year, after I get my diploma."

"Can you be in earnest? It is so sudden—so startling someway."

"Not as sudden as you think and it is your own doing, anyway, in part. But I can't say that any credit goes to you, Merle, on that account. I think at the time, you had never thought of Foreign Missions except as something people's grandmothers occupied themselves with."

"I have certainly been innocent of any exalted designs to go in your direction," and Mary smiled a little. "Please disclose when and how I had this extraordinary influence upon you."

"You wrote me a long letter just after we came back from France; in it you described—pretty well, too, Merle—a 'furloughed saint' from India whom you met at a missionary meeting."

"I remember her perfectly; it would be impossible to forget her. Was I unconsciously sowing good seed in my Katie's mind? I truly had never realized the situation myself at all until that day. It has worked in me ever since."

"Very well. Your missionary from India told of the closing of a woman's hospital, over there, the only one in some wide region, for lack of doctors, and you said, 'For sweet mercy's sake, if they are going to open a hospital, why don't they see to it that they have doctors to run them?' Of course you brought yourself up standing as soon as you framed the question."

"Obviously if women don't volunteer as missionary physicians it would be difficult to obtain them, would it not?" interjected Mary.

"Now I have always read and heard more than you seem to have, about conditions in China and India; I had known some missionaries and yet,—really it seems all the less excusable,—it had never once occurred to me as a possibility, until I read that letter of yours, Merle, that I could go myself."

"And you began to think about it then?"

"Rather casually at first. I can't say that I was keen about welcoming the notion, but the pressure of the awful lack of sane medical practice in India took possession of me."

"I remember, Kate, the day that Ilien was run down, when the girls were here chattering about what they should do after we graduate, where to settle, how to get their kits up and all that, that you said something about India."

"It was that night that I decided the question, while I was alone here. There was something so—bizarre, positively—in sensible, intelligent, trained Christian women hunting everywhere for a place to practice medicine where there were not too many rival doctors already on the spot, here at home, and utterly ignoring those vast uncared-for populations in the Orient where they are so mortally needed. The lack of all human proportion in the situation, the sheer disregrading of Christ's will that His disciples go out to succor and redeem all nations smote full upon me. For is not the question for us, if we are Christian, not where we can gain most, but where we are needed most? It seemed perfectly clear to me, and the matter settled itself then and there. That is, supposing I am the kind of a girl they want."

"But Kate, why haven't you told me before?"

"How could I? Think what these weeks have been for you. And then too, I couldn't dream that you would see it quite as I did. I dreaded trying to explain."

"You would. But do you see how with both of us we can find our way now to go on this strange, new adventure in Christ's name without such hesitation because of having once heard and answered marching orders, when we volunteered to go overseas? It simplifies, doesn't it? Really that was in many ways harder,— it was surely harder for our families, there being actual personal peril for us to meet. The separation from home was as complete and bade fair to last as long—for you know we enlist for China and India only for seven or even five year term. But that appeal was hardly made before we volunteered to go. It was a matter of course.

"Oh, Merle, what if Christian men and women in this country some day respond to Christ's call to minister to the needs of the world like that,—no heroics, just a matter of course!"

Mary had left the divan; she stood now in the window, overlooking the sea of roofs with lights everywhere like constellations seen through a delicate haze.

For a long time neither spoke. Then Mary said musingly, coming back to the present:

"Tomorrow is another day, and on the third day Ilien will be buried. Then life begins again—but not life on the old terms. Ilien is not dead; it is for me to make her live on."

After another pause Kate said,

"You have had no time yet to let the Springfield people know, naturally."

"Not yet. That does not intimidate me. They will take it like the true souls they are, as they did before. But I have no end of things to think of, Kate."

"One of them is Constance Chilton. She is on your trail."

"Oh dear! I had forgotten her existence."

"She has by no means forgotten yours. She was here today and wanted to come again tomorrow but I put her off. She seems to have something serious on her mind."

"I suppose that is possible."

XIII

May was nearly over and the splendor of June in the air. The annual meeting of an eminent Medical Association, convened for several days in New York, was nearing its close.

In the morning session of this, the last day of the conference, Mary Earle, coming into the hall alone, late, by a side entrance, slipped unnoticed into a vacant seat. Miscellaneous business, she found, was the order of the hour. Mary felt a touch of disappointment that

nothing of vital interest to her seemed to have place on the program. Her days were crowded now, graduation being near at hand; she had missed the earlier sessions and even now had come for personal rather than professional reasons.

Then her interest quickened, even her pulse, perhaps, for a member rose and made a distinctly enthusiastic little speech, close beside her. In this speech he declared that, inasmuch as one of their number had been signally honored recently, it was in order that an expression of congratulation be recorded. The speaker alluded not chiefly, he said, to the fact that Dr. Minot Balfrey had received the Medal of Honor from the United States Government, for distinguished service in the field in performance of aid to the wounded, but that he had been invited within a short time by the French Government to return to France in order to cooperate with eminent French surgeons in measures for treatment of bone tuberculosis, a serious feature of the disease now a dark menace to the French nation.

"How splendid!" thought Mary, feeling in her surprise at so much interesting news gladder than she had any "call" to, as the recommendation was put into effect. It was in fact in the hope of seeing Major Balfrey that she was here at the present moment, although not in the least for her own sake.

When she heard the Major's own voice she realized that she had not come in vain. He could not engage, he said, in this work in France permanently, other matters making even stronger demands upon him, but it was his purpose to sail at once for France and give himself to this emergency work for a year at least.

As the Major stood to speak Mary saw him. His place being unexpectedly near her; she noted, as he turned in her direction the old, unchanging sadness in his eyes, the absence of all elation in his voice. In another moment she was surprised to see him start to leave the hall. Instantly she left also. Now was perhaps her only time—for she must see him, that she had promised. What if it were in her power, this very day, to change that look in his eyes, to bring human hope and joy back into his life?

(Concluded in May Number.)

By fleetness of foot and by use of the side entrance Mary was able to intercept the Major as he left the building. Seeing her at his elbow, breathless, unwontedly excited, he exclaimed:

"What incomparable good fortune is this! Doctor Mary Earle actually running after me!"

"I haven't a doubt," Mary replied, walking on rapidly beside him, "that you are bent at this minute on doing your best to escape bores like me."

"I am certainly trying to escape the well-meant attentions of my brethren," was the rejoinder, "but as for bores like you—well, that's another story."

"You can't escape me anyway, so we won't waste time on that. I have an important reason for seeing you. Now, Major Balfrey, seriously, can you give me a few minutes in which we can talk quietly?"

"You speak, my dear young friend, like a reporter. I am now familiar with your method. There is nothing on earth I would rather do, believe me. But, Dr. Earle, to do it I must go on escaping! Medical men of all shades will be after me for—pulls—to put it brutally, of course for congratulations, too, all that sort of thing. To be quite clear, I am at this moment fleeing for my life. Can you hide me successfully? If you could arrange luncheon, for instance—in seclusion? If so I shall be only too happy to talk with you quietly for several hours."

Laughing and still hurrying on, Mary considered. They had reached Broadway; clocks were striking a quarter to twelve.

"I can hide you!" she cried. "Follow me to a place of safety! Don't you feel as if we were in a movie?"

With this she led the way down a numbered street to a staircase which they climbed and which brought them to the entrance of a small and *récherché* tea room.

"No one comes here at this time of day. You can breathe freely now, my friend."

Laughing merrily at their little by-play, they seated themselves at a small table in an airy alcove, ordered such luncheon as the place provided, thus initiating the threatened interview.

Women here are really eager to learn more about taking care of their little ones; I won't say that the native woman always follows the advice she has asked for any more than a white woman does! But still there is a great likelihood that something at least will be remembered and acted upon in the days to come. I have been helped a great deal by the "Better Babies Bureau" letters published by the *Woman's Home Companion*—at least one better baby boy owes its life to one of those letters. I must tell you how it happened. A woman who had lost several children at birth came to shop at Fulasi for the next "event," as Mrs. Love is very skillful in such cases—but one day Mrs. Love had to leave unexpectedly and that very day Mr. Baby chose to put in his appearance; of course, there was nothing left for me to do but to go and help, which I did in fear and trembling, but armed with the "Better Baby Bureau Letter" bearing on that event. It is a splendid one and I followed out the instructions implicitly as well as I could in the smoky native hut. The mother and I are just as proud as we can be of "our" nice fat, dimpled baby boy (for Bulu babies are dimpled too) and one day I am going to get someone to take his picture and send you.*

(*Mrs. P. J.*) *Beatrice Kapteyn.*

* Don't forget about this, Mrs. Kapteyn!—Editor.

Some Sheaves in Benito

(MRS. JOHN) UNA V. WRIGHT

LOOKING BACK to our struggles in Benito during and after the war period, we realize that in spite of many obstacles to our work our efforts were not without blessing. The school had to be chiefly made up of day pupils because of the scarcity of food. We could only keep a few boarding pupils. We much prefer to have the children live at the mission where the atmosphere is more wholesome than in the native villages, and we exert a more lasting influence over them.

Mr. Wright had one very interesting pupil who came to him for private lessons—a Fang chief, who wanted to learn to read, in order that he might be the better able to teach his people. He was not far from sixty years of age, I judge, but he possessed all the zeal and determination of youth. He was once the owner of many women, hence a big man in his tribe. Now he is a Christian, and a poor man in the eyes of his people; but the light in his face spoke a joy that none could mistake.

In contrast with this man was another chief—one of the Kombe tribe, a man of unusual intelligence. He was what one would call well educated for Africa, a subscriber and appreciative reader of such a paper as the *Christian Herald*. His father was a minister, but he himself fell into polygamy years ago, and by it seemed to be bound hand and foot. But to him, as to the Fang chief, came a change of heart, and now his great desire is to show his people the way of life.

Mr. Wright had an opportunity to visit many Fang villages in the forest back of us, and to preach the Gospel to many who had never heard it before—always a privilege and source of peculiar joy to the missionary. Our especial field presents a great need and a great opportunity. We were but three people to carry on the work of the station. Now we are on our furlough and no one in sight to take our places! Of such a nature are the real, indeed the only, experiences worthy the name of "hardship," which fall to our lot—that men and munitions should be lacking to carry on the battle so valiantly begun by our Church's heroes of early days.

Medical Work in Cameroun

MARIE GOCKER

IN ORDER to understand the need for medical work in Cameroun, there should be taken into consideration the location of the place, the natural conditions, the lack of civilization and of modern hygiene. Then the prevalent diseases of the natives and their mode of treatment should be studied.

NATURAL CONDITIONS

Cameroun is located in the tropical zone of West Africa. The rainfall is heavy. The growth of vegetation is profuse. There is an overgrowth of dense jungles. Decayed and wind-fallen trees, rotten leaves and plants are overgrown with beautiful green verdure. On that account the air is polluted with a foul smell of mould and of decayed vegetable matter. There are many extensive undrained swamps, these are breeding places for mosquitoes and other insects.

PUBLIC SANITATION

The French Government is making an attempt at introducing public sanitation. In some of the larger towns a good start is made for sanitary public welfare. And in the interior some of the swamps have been drained and clearings have been made. It was requested that the villages and streets should be cleaned up. And the people are admonished to keep their surroundings clean. Elementary sanitary improvements have been introduced. Advice is given to keep clean the places where drinking water is obtained. The water from natural springs and from

rivers is used. And it is a great satisfaction to notice that the people are becoming aware of the advisability of taking these precautions.

HOUSING CONDITIONS

The housing conditions in Cameroun are far from being sanitary. Huts are built of the bark of trees, roofs made of mats of palm leaves, and there is an earth floor. Such small animals as rats and mice, snakes, lizards, scorpions, and different insects may easily enter. Besides, as a rule, there is provided only one small opening about two by three feet. The opening serves as door, window and chimney. Frequently, domestic animals, such as goats, dogs or chickens, are housed together with the people. Instructions are given by Government officials and by the missionaries that better and securer houses should be built and these should be provided with ample light and ventilation. The people are also advised to construct separate shelters for their domestic animals.

PERSONAL HYGIENE

As to personal hygiene among the natives, one might say, at a first glance, that they have none or very little. Yet, by closer study, it is found that the natives bathe frequently and oil their bodies. Many bathe their children and keep their heads clean from vermin and their feet clean from jiggers. The majority of the people clean their teeth with home-made, hand-cut toothbrushes. Some of them wash their clothes, others change their leaf or grass garments. Yet there is a large field for introducing modern hygiene. And there is great need to instruct the people in personal hygiene, and to give advice for the preparation and use of proper food, thus preventing death and disease.

EXISTING DISEASES

There are in Cameroun, like everywhere else, people who have toothache, earache, stomach-ache and many other aches arising from natural causes. Children are born in harmony with the laws of nature. Old people are passing from this life to another on account of their decreasing vitality. In other words, they are dying from old age. Accidents happen, not so much by automobile traffic or by railroad collisions, as by the falling of tall trees and being bitten by wild animals. And people, at times, burn themselves, cut themselves, and they may be poisoned, or they may fall and break a bone. Epidemics are no respecters of person or place, they visit Cameroun in their turn and claim many victims.

There are, however, some diseases which are specific and thus are in a way native to that part of the country. One of the most predominant is malaria, which is largely transmitted by the mosquito. Then there is the sleeping sickness which seems to be on the increase. Leprosy, too, seems to spread more and more. And there is elephantiasis, which disfigures many a native. Dysentery and hook-worms are also very prevalent. Other diseases might be mentioned.

Along with civilization many things were imported, things good and bad. Among the bad things imported are some diseases which develop very rapidly be-

Native chief and his people bringing in food as his contribution to help the evangelists' training class at Elat.

cause the natives are not aware of their presence until the case is far advanced. And, therefore, it is more difficult to cure.

The natives are very superstitious and they ascribe any kind of disease to some witch or to some kind of an evil spirit. They are striving to protect themselves from the evil influences of these spirits. Many of their houses have signs, or spots of paint, or bundles hanging about containing medicines which have been mixed by some medicine man. All these things and many more are to make a house witch-proof.

Even though the natives are superstitious, yet they have learned to know natural cures for different diseases. They have become acquainted with many herbs which contain medicinal properties. They have the so-called *stronger medicines* which are often very injurious or fatal. These strong medicines contain eggs and chicken meat, human flesh or bone, turtle meat, crushed snakeheads—all these things are specially prepared and mixed with other things.

The French Government carries on medical work in various hospitals. In the villages instruction is given to the chiefs to carry on public sanitation. General vaccination is also introduced. The people afflicted with leprosy are sought out and placed in leper colonies. There are also sleeping sickness camps, and investigations are made and plans are followed which would prevent the spreading of these diseases.

The Presbyterian Mission carries on more or less medical work at all the stations. The few hospitals are housing many patients and the dispensaries are daily filled with patients from near and far to receive counsel and relief. The operating rooms are used for major and minor operations. Besides the work at the stations, there are great opportunities and urgent needs for assistance at the many surrounding villages.

There is great need for more medical work to be done in Cameroun. With the building of a new hospital at Lolodorf, and the prospective construction of a big central hospital at Elat, there will be even a greater responsibility upon the mission, greater inducement for the support of the medical work, and more eagerness to secure medical missionaries.

With the medical work there goes hand in hand the evangelistic and the educational work. It is Christ's method. He preached, He taught, He healed. And His command is to go, to preach and to heal. The results are to be left with the Lord. And the results are often manifested in a marvelous way in the lives of some natives, for many souls are reached by the healing of the body. One sees not only lives saved from death, but also souls saved from sin.

The Book Stall

STUDY BOOKS FOR 1920-21

THE NEAR EAST: CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD.

(By WILLIAM H. HALL of the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut.)

TODAY, the attention of America is being focused on Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor and Persia. Not only from an ethical, but from an economic point of view, she cannot shake off her responsibility. It is fast becoming one of vital concern. It is well, therefore, that we have before us a book written by an American who has spent twenty years in Syria.

Dr. Hall traces the effects we are now considering in these countries back to their causes, and leads the reader on in a level-headed way to project the future results of our present conduct toward them. To Dr. Hall's noteworthy treatment of the subject, is added a final chapter by Dr. James L. Barton, of the Near East Relief.

In view of the responsibility of the Presbyterian Church for mission work in Syria and Persia, this book is strongly recommended as the major mission study course of the year.

Eight illustrations and maps.

Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents; postpaid.

THE BIBLE AND MISSIONS

By HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY

It is most remarkable that the Central Committee publishes this book, *The Bible and Missions,* on its twentieth anniversary, and that it falls on the year chosen as Bible year.

The book presents the missionary message of the Bible, the story of the Bible translations, the Bible Societies and Christian literature. It is especially adapted and prepared for program work in Woman's Missionary Societies.

Price, cloth, 65 cents; paper, 45 cents; postpaid.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

PERSIA

NOTE: Mr. Muller incurred serious personal risk in going to Urum'a at this season. The feast of Moharram is the time of annual mourning among Persian Mohammedans, celebrating the controversy between two branches of the Mohammedan faith. It is made the occasion for acquiring merit, and to kill a Christian at this time always wins special merit.

REV. HUGO A. MULLER wrote from Tabriz, last October: September 27th, Rabi Gureal and I arrived at the Tabriz Railroad Station bound for Urumia. We had planned that Mr. Ellis, from Salmas, should come down and meet me in Urumia. A carriage had been sent down to Gyurma Khana for me. It was getting well on toward evening and as the condition of the road was more or less uncertain, we waited until the boxes were ready and then we all went up together with about a dozen armed horsemen. In the darkness I remembered some of the landmarks of my midnight ride by automobile in June, when we led the six hundred out. There was not much life on the road this time. We passed the Beg-la-beg Mosque, where through the open window we saw a Mollah preaching in a loud tone to a large congregation; then by the graveyard and in front of us the Christian homes of Martmaryam with their great yawning holes and jagged wounds through which the moon was shining. Martmaryam was a sad sight indeed. The big, double doors opening into our yard were still there, evidently too big and too heavy to be broken down or carried away. We pushed them open and entered, first into the carriage yard and then into the residence yard. In front of us the Allens' house was a ghastly sight, the bay-window sagging and ready to fall, not a door nor window left in the building; a great opening where the front door had been, showed the stairs to the second floor gone altogether; the floor of the study was gone, the room we occupied the first two weeks of our life in Urumia, and the room behind it were burned out and opened to the elements, the stairs leading to Miss Lamme's rooms were still there, but tumbling. Our own house, just as I had pictured it, only there were no birds flying in and out of the windows. Our *umbar* (store room), in which we packed all our things with such care, was as clean as though it had been swept with a broom and absolutely the only thing left from that *umbar* was the large steamer trunk that lay on the pavement in front of the yard, broken and charred; the *umbar* where we had stored our carriage was also quite empty and a beginning had been made of tearing up the brick floor. I need not say of every separate building that the doors and windows were gone, for it is true of all our houses in the main compound and in the college compound and of every Christian house in Martmaryam. There were partitions broken down on the second floor and the stairs, which had not been torn up, were so covered with dirt that they formed an incline to climb up rather than a flight of stairs. A few papers and scraps of pictures were scattered on the floor of the bedroom, hall, dining-room and kitchen, but nothing of special interest. The roof was in fairly good condition, with the *novdans* (water spouts), however, like the *novdans* of all the buildings, missing.

The Seminary building was rather worse than our house, with the front stairs gone altogether and the back stairs damaged and some of the thinner partitions pushed down. Then the row of administration buildings—a sorry row it is! Fire and sword have done their worst there. I need not go into details of smoked walls and missing stairways and charred bits of paper (the remains of ten or fifteen years of work on the Concordance), of broken pieces of stove and battered safes, of blood streaks on the window-sills and on the outside of the walls where bleeding bodies had been thrown out of the windows to the streets. An attempt at cleaning up had been made preparatory to General Beach's visit a few months ago, but blood blotches still unscraped from the wall tell the wicked story which I heard Kasha Yaku rehearse in June. The dead bodies had all been carried away before the great General's visit, but we were informed by more than one person that our wells were full of dead bodies. We had no way of finding out whether this was true or not, but it would be strange if it were not.

The Press building, the stables, the other Seminary buildings, all presented the same picture of desolation and disintegration. The iron roof was removed from the Church quite systematically, so as almost to suggest that it had been done by contract, and now there is nothing left of the roof but the bare timbers. Some of the galvanized iron was used in Urumia, and much of it was shipped to Tabriz, where it now exists in the form of bath-tubs, buckets, etc. (Mirza Ali Agha gave us four cans of *doshab* (molasses)—the cans for which he had bought in the bazaar and they were unmistakably made from our church roof iron.) Well-defined paths over the débris of the yard led to large openings in the walls at various points and indicated where the loot of one kind and another had been carried out and was still being carried out. You ask, what was there left to carry out? There are still timbers and woodwork that can be taken from the buildings with a little work, and then there are quantities of red brick, which are worth 12 tomans a thousand, that are being loosened and carried away. This whole section had been built up by the sweat of Christian brows; and now because of their religion and because of their defense of the Allied cause these Christians are scattered to the four winds and dare not return unprotected,—some in Tabriz, some in Kasvin, many where they cannot return and from where they would not return if they could.

HOME DEPARTMENT

Notice for National Jubilee

THROUGH THE RECOMMENDATION of Executive Committee of Central Committee, the six Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions have agreed to appoint delegates to the National Jubilee Celebration, to be held in Philadelphia, May 24-25, upon the same basis as that upon which delegates are chosen for the annual or biennial meetings of the various Boards. In order that the Philadelphia Committee on Hospitality may secure acceptable accommodations for all of the delegates to the National Jubilee, it is earnestly requested that their names, with some suggestion as to the cost of entertainment desired, be sent as quickly as possible to the Chairman of the Jubilee Hospitality Committee, Mrs. E. Boyd Weitzel, 501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALICE M. DAVISON, *Chairman,*
National Jubilee Committee.

To the Women, Young People and Children in the Missionary Societies:

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, through action of the Executive Commission, will hold the canvass for its budget for the year 1920-21, April 25th to May 2nd, in order to coöperate, through the Interchurch World Movement, with our sister denominations in a nation-wide campaign for gifts. Missionary societies, women's, young people's and children's, will also hold a canvass during this period at a time that seems best to societions in consultation with the New Era Committee of the individual church. Pledge cards for these societies will be sent out from headquarters. For information regarding the local budget, write to the presbyterial officers.

Two facts regarding the budget of the Woman's Board are significant: First, as it is included in the New Era budget of the church at large it forms a part of the quota assigned the individual church, always, however, being clearly designated as that part of the quota to be raised separately by the missionary organizations, and preferably not through the church budget. Second, the missionary work of the women and young people is now so closely linked with that of the church that unless pledges are made at this time and reported at once to the church treasurer or New Era Chairman for information, the church may fail of its quota. Pledges should be reported also to the presbyterial treasurer so that she may in turn report to the Woman's Board. Gifts should be sent as usual to the presbyterial treasurer.

JUBILEE GOOD TIMES

OUR WORKERS all over the country are not only raising their Jubilee gifts with overflowing generosity, but are having very good times doing it! Mrs. A. F. Bruske, of Ypsilanti, Mich., writes of some of these "hilarious givers" who made plans for interesting afternoon and evening gatherings on the programs of which were represented all mission organizations in the church, young and old and in between. The followed rhymed invitation was, not sent, but personally delivered to many church members outside of the organizations:

DEAR FRIEND:

Fifty years of woman's work
For our sisters over the sea,
And the blessing of God on the work of our hands
Make this year our Jubilee.

So we bid you come to our dear church home
On April tenth at three,
For a social hour of joy and praise,
To honor our Jubilee.

A lunch will be served at six o'clock
And husbands and sons we invite,
A pageant, address, and much of good cheer
Will help start the new year aright.

MRS. M. V. R. LOOKER, Keywoman at Liberty Corner, N. J., gives us glimpses of what the women have been doing there. She says: "The first step in acquiring the special funds for this year's service is to realize that it is not

a levy placed upon the auxiliary by the Board, but a wonderful privilege to share in the Master's plans for reconstruction. Lift up your eyes to the hills, my friends, and open your ears for the living voice of the Master Shepherd, and He will tell you gently and lovingly that He has other sheep not of this fold, and them He must save also! He will ask you as he did hesitating Moses, "What have you in your hand?"

In Liberty Corner, when we started to consider the "how" and "where," we decided to form an associate membership roll, to be to the Missionary Auxiliary what the Home Department is to the Sunday-school. We collected all obtainable appropriate literature, did it up in packets, and as our territory is such a scattered one, asked our Home Department Sunday-school visitors to take these packets and a labeled envelope with them. Twenty-two ladies enrolled to receive literature and they are all putting spare pennies in envelopes for the Jubilee Fund.

Then we began to look over our assets. We had our chickens, our gardens, our piece-bags, a first-class candy-maker, a few summer visitors, and hearts full of prayerful love of service. So we set sail on our adventure to dig for the gift of gold! Of course, two kinds of people are necessary. The enthusiastic and the plodders, and while the enthusiastic talk, the plodders must work.

Our people find it hard to participate in fifty-cent suppers, sometimes large families can hardly afford it. So a cafeteria was planned. Our men set up the church tables around the border of our lecture room. Our handy man made a hollow square of tables in the center of our small room by placing planks on barrels. This hollow square had three departments—five and ten-cent, fancy and Japanese divisions. The articles for the first were solicited, the fancy articles came out of our piece-bags, and the Japanese goods we ordered on consignment. Between our front doors a painted plank and barrel table served for home-made candy, and peanuts for the little folks. The young girls trimmed our ceiling with streams of yellow crepe paper and honeysuckle, for the ceiling was the only spare room we had.

In front, for we really could not crowd them inside, were our freezers of ice-cream, and by them a huge box of paper plates and spoons. So we opened our long-talked-of "Cafeteria Bazaar." Step in the door with me and pick up your tray, one of fifty rented from the Y. W. C. A., of Newark, for one night for one dollar, and let Mrs. A. give you a nice slice of chicken loaf for ten cents; Mrs. B., a ladle of delicious salad; Mrs. C., some good home-made baked beans and Mrs. D., a nice buttered roll. Then rest your tray while you select your cake and sliced peaches, take your cup of hot coffee, pay your check to the solemn-looking cashier, and walk out to the other side of the room, and we can visit and eat our supper while our husbands buy candy, our mothers purchase fancy articles, our children eat ice-cream on the lawn, our young housekeepers buy tin funnels, and what-not from the five-and-ten, the young beaux purchase Japanese purses from a kimona-ed young lady, school girls buy wax paper and paper napkins. Now I must leave you and join the kitchen. I am sorry to leave you, but glad to go for I see one of our pessimists, we have them here as everywhere, and she is going to say with tears in her eyes, "We have come over the top, way over, and I thought we might not do well for we are all so cramped just now." My dear friends, I have never breathed it before, but in my heart of hearts, I had thought so myself a thousand times!

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting, first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

THE MEETINGS of the Biennial Assembly will begin Friday evening, May 21st, or Saturday morning, with an inspirational service on Sunday evening. The National Jubilee will be held on Monday and Tuesday. Full announcements will be given at presbyterial meetings. Send for latest copy of *Jubilee News*.

WE HAD the pleasure of having with us at Directors' meeting Dr. Jessie R. Carlton of India and Miss Manuella Morton of China. We were glad to welcome Mrs. John M. Cratty, our new Board Director. The resignation of Mrs. Culver was accepted with sincere regret.

Mrs. Hubbert, Chairman of Finance Committee, gave an encouraging report of the treasury and asked for prayer that gifts might continue to flow in; for the treasurers at this busy time, that they might have strength for their work that the money might be wisely distributed, causing the light to shine in many dark places and that the children might be educated to give. Captain Slater, of Etah, India, spoke most interestingly of the Mass Movement. To create a self-supporting church is difficult on account of the extreme poverty of the people, when wages are eight cents a day for a man, six for a woman and four for a child. To aid them in making a living Captain Slater is introducing a better type of chickens (these people are the herditary chicken-raisers) and in six years has raised the price of eggs from six cents to fifty cents a dozen.

THE FOLLOWING Jubilee Gifts have been received: Five thousand dollars in honor of Mrs. Alexander MacColl and four hundred-dollar gifts in honor of Mrs. Russell B. Taylor, Miss Marie Boynton, Mrs. Allen C. Thomas and Mrs. F. L. Moore.

WE REJOICE over the possession of three Presbyterian scholarships at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania for the use of students from our territory preparing for foreign missionary service. The first, established in 1916 as a memorial to our former President, is

known as the Mary Warren Thorpe Memorial Scholarship. The second, the Mary Reed Laughlin Memorial Scholarship, is the gift of our Board member. Miss Anne I. Laughlin, in memory of her mother. As Mrs. Laughlin was a namesake of Mary Reed, the devoted laborer among the lepers of India, she is also commemorated. The Directors have delighted to honor during her life Dr. Mary H. Fulton, one of our most distinguished medical missionaries, whose work includes the establishment in China of a Medical College for Chinese women, a hospital for the treatment of women and children and a training school for nurses. A considerable portion of the fund for this scholarship was contributed by Pittsburgh donors.

WE WERE very glad to have with us at Executive Meeting Mrs. W. C. Hogg, President of Northumberland Presbyterial Society.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 17 N. State St., every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

THE NEW METHOD of sending a monthly report from the office of our Magazine's subscription lists commends itself to our Board. We feel this report to be immensely important and are sending out copies to each of our presbyterial secretaries of literature.

THE FOLLOWING shows the monthly report ending January 31st: Colorado, 561; Illinois, 1,996; Indiana, 783; Iowa, 1,146; Michigan, 862; Minnesota, 952; Montana, 83; Nebraska, 462; North Dakota, 142; South Dakota, 151; Wisconsin, 428; Wyoming, 34; Total, 7,600.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hardin, was a grief to the members of the Northwest Board. Mrs. Hardin has been one of our valued secretaries for several years.

MISS HELEN ANDERSON, of Chosen, has been adopted for support by the young people of Indiana.

OUR TREASURER reported receipts for the month of January 15th to be $11,364.88, making a total to that date of $85,600.25, or 87 8/10 increase over same period last year. Next month we shall probably be able to give you the final figures for the year.

DR. EMMA FLEMING, a Southwest Board Missionary from Ichowfu, told us of the importance of having the schools which teach Christianity as well equipped in every way, as were the schools which omit Christianity altogether. Mrs. Doolittle brought news from the synodical meetings which she has attended, and Mrs. Stone from the cottages where she has been conducting study classes. Mrs. Geo. T. Tootell, of Changteh, Hunan, China, who arrived a little too late for our meeting, brought news of the death of Dr. O. T. Logan on December 17th, at Changteh. Dr. Logan was shot by an insane soldier whom he had been called to examine.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE of Church Women, the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, unite in the following great affirmations of faith: We believe that there is only one power adequate to meet the needs of these tremendous times, the power of Jesus Christ through His Gospel. We believe that the way out of our present difficulties and dangers lies in full acceptance of the leadership of Christ and in loyal obedience to His program. We believe that within the Christian Church are enfolded the mightiest energies which can be released to make the will of Christ regnant among nations as among individuals. We believe the hope of the present situation lies in the possibility of arousing the Church of Christ to reconsecrate itself to the promulgation of His Gospel and to pour out its life in the service of mankind. Because the Interchurch World Movement is founded squarely upon these great affirmations, the conference wishes to go on record as sincerely and emphatically endorsing the plans and purposes of the Interchurch World Movement, and to recommend to the churches that they pledge their loyal, active support to the Movement and participate in carrying out its daring, yet practicable, aims.

From New York

Prayer-meetings, first Wednesday of each month, 10.30 a. m. Assembly Room, Eighth Floor, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Other Wednesdays, half-hour meetings, 10.30-11 a. m., for prayer and reading of missionary letters.

LITERATURE SHOULD BE OBTAINED FROM ROOM 818.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the New York Board will be held on Wednesday, April 28, at 156 Fifth Avenue at 10 A. M. Annual reports will be presented, election of officers and other necessary business transacted. All members of the constituency will be welcome at this meeting but presbyterial societies are urged to send their delegates to the Jubilee.

FEBRUARY MEETING of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, at which Mrs. James A. Webb., Jr., presided, was one of great interest. In three ten-minute addresses some of the great opportunities in China and India, which confront the Christian women of America, were presented by Dr. Harriett Allyn, Dean of Hackett Medical College, Canton, China; Dr. Martha Hackett, of the same institution, and Miss A. Adelaide Browne, of Kodoli, Western India Mission. As Korea was the topic of the month, Rev. William P. Schell, recently returned from his visit to our Mission Stations in the Far East, told of his experience and observations while visiting that country, and of the fortitude and endurance with which Korean Christians are passing through a terrible period of trial and persecution.

A MOST successful Recruiting Luncheon was held in a New Jersey woman's society about the middle of February. Feeling that the membership of fifty in the women's society was not as large as it should be, in comparison with the church membership, a luncheon was planned and women who were members invited women who were not members to buy tickets for the luncheon and to hear an eloquent speaker. The tickets were bought, the day arrived, the luncheon was delicious, and the missionary speaker thrilled his audience of seventy-five women, as he told the story of

recent days in Persia; at the close of his address a very able church and club woman of the town, made a most compelling recruiting speech, the result of the address and speech being the accession of twenty-eight new members to the society.

NEW YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES: Binghamton Presbyterial, First Church, Union, N. Y., LIGHT BEARERS. Cayuga Presbyterial, Auburn, Westminster Church, JUNIOR C. E. Hudson Presbyterial, Roscoe, N. Y., LIGHT BEARERS. Long Island Presbyterial, Smithtown Branch, N. Y., WESTMINSTER GUILD. Logan Presbyterial, Bowling Green, Ky., Westminster Church, WESTMINSTER GUILD. North River Presbyterial, Newburgh, First Church, LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS. Niagara Presbyterial, Knowlesville, N. Y., WESTMINSTER GUILD. Providence Presbyterial Providence, R. I., First Church, LIGHT BEARERS. Syracuse Presterial, South Church, Syracuse, N. Y., WESTMINSTER GUILD. Brooklyn Presbyterial, Wells Memorial Church, WESTMINSTER GUILD. Jersey City Presbyterial, First Church, WESTMINSTER GUILD.

From St. Louis

Room No. 7, Odd Fellows Building, First and third Tuesdays, at 10.30.

THE SPACE usually given to notes from our Southwest Board has been filled appropriately with other matter, and perhaps we were not missed when ill and out of town. Not so very ill—it is sometimes a habit with uniformly well people to quote Jeremiah when laid by for a while: "See if any sorrow can be like my sorrow." It takes so much to make us patient and sweet.

WE HAVE TRIED to keep in touch with the busiest of our Committees. Our Candidate Committee is never long at a time idle. Our Unification Committee are alert. One can almost presage the outcome, and whatever it may be—we will hope it will be for the furtherance in every way of our Master's work.

DOCTOR FLEMING was here for a few days on her way to Chicago, where she goes for further study. She is so brave, so ambitious to become more and more useful in her work. She reported the illness of our Miss Cogdal for which we are sorry. Letters were from Dr. McArthur, who was in the midst of a siege of influenza; Miss Wells of Tabriz, and the Dr. Hunter Corbett Memorial letter.

OUR PRESIDENT was absent for two or three months, but we had Mrs. Burg. Why should that last phrase carry me back for fifty years —to a little boy of three whose mother had just died? As I held him close to my heart, he said in baby tongue, "I have no mother"— then his blue eyes shone and,— "but I have a grandmother."

AS ONE BY ONE the autumn leaves droop and fall, so one by one the friends with whom we have travelled long and far, grow weary, droop, unclasp their hands from ours, and when we stop to see what it may mean, we are alone,— the friend is gone! In like manner one of our members recently passed away. Mrs. Laura Weber was one of the older members, and long the chairman of our Devotional Committee; a quiet, unassuming little woman, not often taking part in discussion, but seldom was her chair vacant, and almost never did she fail to secure a leader. She gave the same earnest, prayerful thought to her particular service, as if no other service were more important; indeed, whatever she did she did it as if the success of the rest of our work depended upon her faithfulness to her own special part of it. It reminds us of the Master's "Well done!" We extend loving sympathy to the members of her family who have for a while lost a dear mother and grandmother. For ourselves we will cherish her memory thankful that she was identified with us so long in just the gentle, earnest way which was characteristic of her.

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento Street. Meetings first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday from 12 till 12.30.

FEBRUARY MEETING was enlivened by the inspiring account by Mrs. Keck of her latest missionary journeys as Field Secretary for the Board. Fifty-nine places which either had auxiliaries needing a visitation, or which needed society organization were visited. Some societies had four or five members only, but the hospitality extended the Secretary quite overbalanced the small missionary constituency. An Armenian settlement in Fresno County organized a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Their church gave $1,000 to Armenian relief last year, besides sending money to bring Armenian girl relatives who had escaped the Turks to California. Other places to organize were: Elsinore and Redlands (a Mexican auxiliary). Mrs. Keck asks for prayers for her work in these far and near town and country places in our State.

MRS. C. A. GLUNZ gave an interesting report of evangelistic work at Dumaguete (Silliman Institute) and other stations in the Philippines. Over 800 people have been brought to Christ by the efforts of the boys who go out from Silliman to their native villages. We were glad to welcome home our President, Mrs. Cadwallader, who gave a most excellent report of the several Conferences which she attended in the East. At the Interchurch Conference held in January, at Atlantic City, 1,000 were expected, but 1,700 were in attendance, evidencing the earnestness of purpose of those in sympathy with the movement. Dr. John R. Mott's opening address as given in the *Interchurch Bulletin* of this World Survey Conference, from which a few paragraphs are quoted, set forth the aims of the Conference. "Why are we here? I. To view the wholeness and the oneness of the task which confronts our American Protestant Christianity as it looks out into the fields on this continent, and as it reaches out beyond the oceans to all parts of the world. II. So that the various bodies represented here may become a formative factor in shaping the final plans of the Interchurch World

Movement. III. To review and to determine the scope . . . character and magnitude of the proposed united undertaking. IV. To bring forward all constructive criticism which is desirable in the interest of the best service to all denominations. V. To generate an atmosphere of understanding."

ANNUAL MEETING, in April, will be held at Headquarters, 920 Sacramento Street. The centenary of Medical Missions will be fittingly observed, and other attractive numbers will have place on the program during these days of conference at the forty-seventh missionary milestone of Occidental Board.

From Portland, Ore.

OUR BIENNIAL MEETING, postponed from last year, will open on the fourth Wednesday of April—the 28th—in the First Church of Seattle. This is our great Jubilee Meeting to celebrate with praise and prayer and consecration the completion of the cycle of years through which our Leader has guided the women who began the great missionary work of the Women's Boards of the Presbyterian Church, and all the women, who through each succeeding year, followed in their lead. It will be an encouraging occasion to contemplate what God has wrought by His blessing upon the efforts of his instruments at the home-base and abroad. So do, all who can, send your delegates to bring their words of cheer and gain the inspiration from the enlarged and constantly enlarging vision of gaining the whole world for Christ. Each presbyterial society, auxiliary society, and each young people's society *contributing* through the North Pacific Board is entitled to two delegates, who may be assigned to places of entertainment if their names are sent to the chairman of the hospitality committee, Mrs. F. D. Wingate, 912 Twelfth Avenue, North, Seattle. There will be a display of literature worth coming to see and learn about. Pray for God's blessing upon this great convocation.

RECEIPTS, JANUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 15, 1920

By Totals from Presbyterial Societies

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

CATAWBA,	$45.69	UNION,	$25.00	Total Receipts Since March 15, 1919:	
DAYTON,	500.00	WASHINGTON CITY,	400.00	For Regular Funds,	$163,346.01
GRAFTON,	193.79	WOOSTER,	150.00	From Legacies and Annuities,	2,875.50
PHILADELPHIA,		Miscellaneous,	407.90	War Emergency Fund,	146.00
NORTH,	1,000.00	Interest on		For Special Funds,	1,200.65
PITTSBURGH,	3,100.75	Investments,	213.50	For Jubilee Fund,	122,260.08
					$289,828.24
For Regular Work,		$1,510.84			
For Jubilee Fund,		4,525.79			
			$6,036.63		

JANET MCMULLAN, *Treasurer*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

Colorado		WATERLOO,	$680.25	*Nebraska*		*South Dakota*	
PUEBLO P. S.,	$47.04	*Michigan*		BOX BUTTE		CENTRAL DAKOTA	
Illinois		DETROIT P. S.,	587.39	P. S.,	$48.94	P. S.,	$104.00
BLOOMINGTON		FLINT,	43.00	NEBRASKA CITY,	40.00	*Wisconsin*	
P. S.,	975.00	GRAND RAPIDS,	429.68	*North Dakota*		CHIPPEWA P. S.,	104.00
CHICAGO,	9,000.52	KALAMAZOO,	64.13	FARGO P. S.,	5.00	MILWAUKEE,	60.00
FREEPORT,	378.05	LAKE SUPERIOR,	87.14	OAKES,	61.00	WINNEBAGO,	500.00
OTTAWA,	235.00	LANSING,	141.68	PEMBINA,	125.75	Miscellaneous,	131.10
RUSHVILLE,	204.00	MONROE,	195.00				
Indiana		PETOSKEY,	74.00	Designated Receipts for Month:			
INDIANAPOLIS		SAGINAW,	117.00	Regular Work,	$7,606.14		
P. S.,	5.00	*Minnesota*		Jubilee Fund,	11,163.06		
Iowa		MANKATO P. S.,	260.75				$18,769.20
CORNING P. S.,	249.73	MINNEAPOLIS,	652.50	Total Designated Receipts to Date, March 16, 1919, to February 15, 1920 (11 months of Fiscal Year):			
COUNCIL BLUFFS,	150.00	ST. CLOUD,	77.00	Regular Work,	$141,008.08		
DES MOINES,	324.96	ST. PAUL,	439.65	Jubilee Fund,	60,821.54		
DUBUQUE,	155.62	*Montana*		Total,			$201,829.62
FORT DODGE,	231.50	BUTTE P. S.,	151.40				
IOWA,	500.00	GREAT FALLS,	130.90				
IOWA CITY,	677.97	HELENA,	48.00				
SIOUX CITY,	263.55	LEWISTOWN,	12.00				

MRS. THOS. E. D. BRADLEY, *Treasurer*,
1808, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

ALBANY,	$165.50	MORRIS AND		Receipts from Jan. 16th to Feb. 15th:	
BINGHAMTON,	436.00	ORANGE,	$1,617.50	Regular,	$9,134.61
BROOKLYN-		NEW YORK,	10,391.00	Jubilee,	16,232.87
NASSAU,	1,159.00	NEWARK,	1,716.41	Permanent Fund,	1,000.00
BUFFALO,	454.50	NEWBURYPORT,	20.00		$26,367.48
BOSTON,	298.60	ROCHESTER,	29.00	Total Receipts Since March 16, 1919:	
CONNECTICUT		ST. LAWRENCE,	138.05	Regular,	$141,937.30
VALLEY,	656.00	SYRACUSE,	335.00	Jnbilee,	60,801.87
COLUMBIA,	104.00	TROY,	901.20	War Emergency,	1.00
EBENEZER,	320.00	UTICA,	699.75		$202,740.17
GENEVA,	25.00	WESTCHESTER,	1,989.31		
HUDSON,	132.60	Interest,	122.41		
JERSEY CITY,	5.00	Miscellaneous,	4,651.65		

(MRS. JAMES A. WEBB, JR.) NELLIE S. WEBB, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

DATE DUE

JUL 31 1986

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